

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, 1

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[Proprietor.]

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WHOLE NO. 638.

TERMS.

Three Dollars for one year, in advance.
Single copies, Ten Cents each.
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square of Ten Lines or less for the first insertion; Fifty Cents for each continuance.
Obituaries and calls on candidates Fifty Cents per square.
A liberal deduction will be made to persons advertising for three, six, nine, or twelve months.
The privilege of yearly advertisers is strictly limited to their own immediate and regular business; and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of its individual members. No deviation from these terms under any circumstances.
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions when handed in, will be continued until ordered out, and payment exacted.
No advertisement inserted gratuitously.
Advertisements of an abusive nature will not be inserted at any price.
Announcing candidates Five Dollars, to be paid in advance in every case.
Job Printing of all kinds neatly done on New Type, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.

The Horrors of a Night Ride in a Stage Coach.

The San Francisco Bulletin has the following: "One day last week, as the Los Angeles and San Jose stage coach was travelling in the night between San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara, an incident occurred which produced anything but a pleasant impression among the passengers. A lady was occupying one of the front seats, and the whole company had been talking and singing in the most sociable manner. After a time the lady settled down as if to go to sleep, and one of the gentlemen passengers asked her if she would have a pillow under her head. She made no reply, and the company indulged in another song. As the song ceased one of the passengers opened the curtain so as to let in the moonlight, and looking down at the face of the woman, exclaimed, 'Why, can it be that she sleeps with her eyes open?' Another passenger placed his hand upon her forehead and cried out, 'She is dead!' The stage was stopped, and the inanimate, pulseless form of the lady was carried out into the open air. She was deathly cold, and her face was wet with cold sweat supposed to gather only on the face of the dying. After so long a time passing that all hope of life was given up, she recovered under the vigorous rubbing with whiskey in which all the passengers engaged, and the journey was finally resumed. It turned out that the lady was afflicted with heart disease, and had the discovery of her condition been delayed a little longer, she would have been past all human aid."

"Warrington" relates a story, which Tom Corwin used to tell, about a horse jockey in Lebanon, Ohio, who had a rule "never to lend a man a dollar unless he would put down two Spanish milled dollars as security." The jockey's three main rules of life, however, were first, "never refuse to drink with a man, because it won't cost you anything;" second, "never ask a man to drink, because it will cost you something, and might lead him into bad habits;" third, "never mind what happens so long as it don't happen to you."

When a great physician of Paris, named Dumoulin, was about to die, his friends said his loss would be irreparable. "Gentlemen," said Dumoulin, "you are in error. I shall leave behind me three greater physicians."

Being asked to name them, he answered:

"WATER, EXERCISE and DIET."

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WAR.—In the late civil war 220 battles were fought. In Virginia, 80; Tennessee, 37; Missouri, 37; Georgia, 12; South Carolina, 16; North Carolina, 11; Kentucky, 14; Indian Territory and New Mexico, 1 each. There were also 17 naval engagements.

Letter from Jack Shivers.

Fletcher threatens to sine my name to a Dutch memorial. He'd rather sine his death warrant or an order for his coffin. He may be a fool about something, but he's got too much sense to do that.

The Colonel uv a regiment that was never raised—the hero uv a battle that was never fought—the great mountain warrior that was so anxious to fite for the ole flag, that he went all the way to Richmond to git a kummishin from Jeff. Davis to raise a regiment, burst through the rebel lines, broke his neck to git to the Union army, whar he could jist stand and kill rebels all day without stoppin to eat, but after he got out uv the rebel lines, went another way, tuck his tail between his legs, sneaked off to Indianny and hid hisself so snug that Brownlow had to git out a search warrant to find him, after the war was over before he could git him outen his hole—talk about his puttin my name to a Dutch memorial! You talk mighty like a fool.

You must be kin to Mullins.—You are like the balance uv your tribe—a chatterin and jabberin and don't know what you are talkin about.

And you say Brownlow will cuss me? Tell him jist to let hisself in, ef he feels like it, and I know he does. Tell him he may run both uv his cussin mersheens agin me at the same time—the one in Nashville, the other at Nocksville—let 'em cuss in big Roman letters, and in italicks daily and weekly. It will be much more healthier for him to do his cussin by mersheenery, fur ef he was to try it by word or mouth whar I could hear him, I mite make a move that would cause him to think the Mississippi assasener was attar him, and alarm him.

You know he wont ridenowhar but on a railroad, and ef he was to cuss me whar I could hear him, some axident might happen to him before he could git to the kars.—I didn't want to hurt him. Fact is I feel sorter sorry for him sense ole Printiss turned him loose.—You could hure the licks ole Printiss laid on his bar back a mile. I wouldn't er had sich a lambaster for the whole uv Sneed Crosier's estate. I see Brownlow has put his spurs on and mounted his high horse agin. He's gwine to git hurt.

I don't mean that ennybody is agwine to sassinate him and send him to the devil rite strait, but what I mean is he's agwine to be throwed and git his infernal nake broke. He kant blame me fur it. I've give him far warnin. I've told him wunst and I tell him agin, the people uv this State aint agwine to be rid by him much longer. Thar back is a gittin sore and they are beginning to prance now, and when they git to kickin up before, and kickin up behind, he kant stick on to save his life.—He may put the franchise curb in thar mouths and dash the rowels into thar sides, but that will only make 'em wuss.

Overbode he's bound to go, ef he leaves his boots a stickin in the stirrups. He thinks he's got things in a swing now. He's got a law passed for the special purpose uv keepin his set in offis, and thar is a law on the stocks to bankrupt the State and steal everything that the people uv Middle and West Tennessee hav got. We have lost all our niggers—big armies hav eat out our subsistence—our homes hav bin burnt—our fences destroyed—our mules and horses tuck away from us—we have bin driv from the ballot box—we are hevily in det, and now they propose to steal from us what little the war has left us.

The bonds uv the State is to be issued to pay loyal men fur thar losses. Everybody knows what that means. Brownlow is to ap-

pint the kommissioners to judicate the losses and Fletcher is to pay 'em. Even a fool knows how that will be done. Between fifty and a hundred millions will be saddled on us in that way. Rusty shinned homs that want wurth nuthin but a dozen white headed children and a big goard, before the war, will prove a loss to the amount ov ten thousand dollars. The kommissioners will allow it and Fletcher will uv course issue the bons to pay it.

Ef Brownlow and his set don't dwell in marble halls if this scheme is karried out, it will be because tha aint up to snuff in the sacrificin business. Thar will be a monstrous site of loyalty when that divide takes place, for loyalty kan smell money as fur as a buzzard kan smell a dead horse. The man in the scripser that fell among thieves had genteel society compared to us. What are we to do? Thar aint but one thing to do.

Let the people big and little, fur and near, jist swar by the God that made 'em that they will never redeem a single one uv the bons issued under that bill, while grass, grows and water runs. Let 'em kall out public meetins and giv warnin, that when they git thar own affairs into thar own hans, that they will repudiate the last cent on every one uv them bons. Ef I stand by and see a teller sine my name to a note and hand it over to er innocent man and don't say nuthin, then the man that gits my note mite think I ort to pay it.

But ef I say to him, I did not authorize that man to put my name to that note, and ef you take it, I'll never pay you a cent uv it, he kant blame me ef I don't pay it. It aint worth while to be a standin back and sayin nothin and tryin to konvince Brownlow and his set that we want to be good and loyal citizens. Every honest man knows that we are in the hans of plunderers and robbers, and we must defend ourselves or our children will starve and our state will be ruined.

Let the newspapers in the State stand by the people and take the ground at wunst that these bonds, if issued, will never be paid. I wish I was the editur uv a newspaper fur awhile. I'd let the people know in a manner that everybody could understand that thar war robbers at thar doors and to prepare to protect their property. I seed a man yistiday that had thirty thousand dollars and was on his way to Nashville to invest it in state bonds and when he heard uv that bill now before the Legislature, he turned round and went back home and sed he wouldn't give a dime a bushel for all the State bonds you could bring him ef that bill passed, and he's awaitin now to see whether it passes or not before he will invest.

How much do you expec to steal under this bill ef it passes, you toad eatin houn? How much did you lose by the war—what is your sacrifices wurth? I suppose you'd want about thirty thousand dollars for sleepin in a feather bed while better men were out doin your fitin, won't you? And you have the impudence to tell me that I'd steal! Ef I had er bin near you when you writ that lie, I'd er made you think by the time I got through with you that you had been damaged some. The Kommissioner wouldn't er had to examine no witnesses to prove that you had bin damaged. I'd er sot your damages down whar he could er red it without specs.

Jest let your krowd keep on the road they are travellin. I wouldn't turn 'em back ef I could. Sail on, O ship uv State. My book will be redy attar a while. I'll warm the wax in thar ears. I've got the record uv the last one uv 'em. I'll tell some things on 'em (and prove 'em too) that they don't

know ennybody knows. I'll make Brownlow groan was than a hoss with the belly ake. I know his hide is monstrous thick, but evry lick I hit him, I'll make him throw up his tail and grunt. I'll nock skales off er Fletcher in fleaks as big as a pam leaf fan.

I'll make Arnell run for a tan vat faster than a rat ever tuck out fur his hole. Ole Mullins' shirt tail will whistle yankee doodle in the wind on his way to his mill pond to drown hisself. Duggan will strike a dog trot for Dinah's cabin and git under the bed and die thar. I'll make ole Wines' eyes pop outen his hed like a kork outen a champagne bottle. I'll make the gallant knight uv the rope and halter cut the pigeon wing so fast that his hed will swim. And not to go into further particulars, I'll make the whole Dinah-Duggan dynasty, from his head to its tail, from Brownlow to the little quinine pedler, riggle and squirm and squeal, wurs than one uv Fletcher's Dutchmen in the hands uv ole Miss Loggins.

And by the way uv partin advice, don't you never let that ole woman lay hands on you. When Jeems red that part uv your letter about her, she jumped up outen her cheer, nocked the churn over and spilt the milk all over the house. She gritted her teeth wurs than the snappin uv a steel trap. Ole Higgins has lost his wife and has a sorter uv a sly notion uv settin up to Mrs. Loggins, and she's afeard, I think, that your allusion to her will injure her prospects.—She stamped over the house and shuck her fist, and sed ef she could lay her hans on you, you little box-ankled, nock-need, bo-legged, pot-bellied, tangle-eyed puppy she'd shake enough bull frogs outen you to stock Reel Foot Lake. And she'd do it too. JACK SHIVERS, At Home on the Creak.

A dark colored man once went to Portland, Maine, and attended church. He went into a good pew; when the next neighbor to the man who owned it said:

"What do you put a nigger in to your pew for?"

"Nigger! he's no nigger—he's a Haytian."

"Can't help that, he's black as the ace of spades."

"Why, sir, he's a correspondent of mine."

"Can't help that, I tell you he's black."

"But he is worth a million of dollars."

"Is he though?—INTRODUCE ME!"

The following story is told of the Rev. Dr. Mores:

At an association dinner a debate arose as to the use of the rod in bringing up children. The doctor took the affirmative, and the chief opponent was a young man whose reputation for veracity was not very high. He maintained that parents often do harm to their children by unjust punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well," retorted the doctor, "it cured you, didn't it?"

Three boys went bathing in one of the streams near Oil Creek, and when they came out they were so greasy that they could not stay in their clothes. As fast as they slipped them on they would slip off again; and one of them in a heedless moment narrowly escaped slipping out of his skin. On reaching home, their parents, being exceedingly frugal, wrung them out and extracted about fifteen gallons of pure oil from the three boys.

A church and school house in Henry county, Indiana, have been burned by incendiaries because a negro preacher lately held forth in them by invitation.

Temple of the Muses.

THE MEETING.

I met her in the quiet lane
One Sabbath morning early;
The sun was bright, although the rain
Still glittering on the barley.
The lark was singing to his mate,
The wild bells chimed their warnings,
We paused awhile outside the gate;
We lingered till it was too late
To go to church that morning!

Again we met. The whisp'ring leaves
Glanced nigh in light and shadow;
The reapers piled the yellow sheaves,
The bees humm'd o'er the meadow.
The royal sun rose up in state,
Our marriage day adorning;
The bells rang out; wide stood the gate,
And neither one of us too late
To go to church that morning!

WHO WILL CARE FOR NIGGERS NOW?

Listen to me, plantation niggers,
While I in this mud hole lie,
Though I feel starvation's rigors,
Let me say a word and die.
Niggers, does dis look like freedom?
I can't see it anyhow,
Blacks am fools, and white folks lead 'em,
But who cares for niggers now?

Look here, nigger, I am dying,
See the death sweat on my brow,
Dis am freedom, no cry crying—
Who will care for niggers now?

Some say niggers good as white folk,
Gizzard foot and Ebo shin,
Don't believe it, 'tis a tight joke:
Handsome, but you can't come in.
Well, you libed on old plantation,
Earning with a sweating brow
Plenty clothes and plenty ration,
But who cares for niggers now?

White folks say dey gibs us freedom—
What dey gib, all in my eye—
Free to suffer, free to languish,
Free to starve and free to die.
No potatoes, corn-cake, bacon,
We want to starvation bow,
If dis is freedom 's mistaken,
But who cares for niggers now?

Gen. Lee's Address to his Army.

HEADQ'RS ARMY NORTHERN VA.,
April 10th, 1865.

General Orders No. 9.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the brave survivors of so many hard fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them. But feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuance of the contest, I determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection.

With unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration for myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.
R. E. LEE, General.

A benevolent lady went to visit a family who were said to be almost starving. She found them half clad, and not a morsel of food in the house. "What do you most need?" What would you like to have?" she asked the mother of the family. The woman thought for a moment, her face brightened, and she answered: "Why, I always did want a waterfall; they are so becoming."

A traveler went into an inn after a shower, and asked the landlord to show him a good fire: "for" said he, "I'm very wet;" and then turning to the waiter, he said, "Bring me a tankard of ale immediately, for I'm very dry."

A Word to Advertisers.

It was the remark of a very eminent citizen, says the Memphis Commercial, that he regarded an advertisement in a paper as a personal invitation to him to call, and added: "That I sometimes hesitate about entering a store the proprietors of which have not thus sent their cards to my residence. I always feel certain of a cordial welcome from the members of any advertising firm." There is in this remark an assurance of one of the many results of advertising. The trader and his calling become identified, and the name of a man is inseparably connected in the mind of the public with his merchandise. It may not be the very day an advertisement appears that bears its fruits; weeks or months may elapse, and then when the want arises, the article to be obtained immediately suggests the advertiser. This is the effect of general advertising when persistently followed.

The object which all aim to accomplish in advertising is an increase in business. The nimble shilling is what we require in this age. It costs very little more in the way of expense to carry on a business of two hundred thousand dollars than it requires to do half of that amount. The cost of rent, personal living, and many incidental expenses, do not increase the ratio of business, while time is saved, for there is greater profit resulting from a trade of two hundred thousand in one year, than from the same amount, and even more, extended twice the space of time. These simple facts are well known by energetic business men, who adopt advertising as the most powerful method of saving time, by increasing business, and thus making capital doubly active. Indeed it is often made a substitute for actual capital.

A young member of the bar thought he would adopt a motto for himself, and after much reflection, wrote in large letters and posted up against the wall the following:—"Sum Quique," which may be translated, "let every one have his own." A country client coming in, expressed himself much gratified with the maxim, but added, "you don't spell it right." "Indeed! Then how ought it to be spelt?" The visitor replied, "Sue 'em quick."

TO CURE WEAK EYES IN HORSES.—J. P. Shelby, of Fayette county, Kentucky, communicated a cure for weak eyes in horses, as follows: Blow through a quill, into the weak eyes, three or four times, a solution of alum and water at about blood heat. Then burn a small piece of alum, pulverise it, and blow the powder stoutly into the eye. This prescription effected a cure for Mr. Shelby, and it is accordingly recommended.

Elder leaves, if strewn among corn or other grain when it is put into the bin, will effectually preserve it from the ravages of the weevil. The juice will also kill bed bugs and maggots. Insects never touch elder bushes. The leaves of the elder scattered over cabbages, cucumbers, squashes and other plants subject to the ravages of insects, effectually shield them.

Henry the Fourth was instigated to declare war against the Protestants, by the importunity of his Parliament; whereupon, he declared that he would make every member a captain of a company in the army; the proposal was then unanimously negatived.

A waggish editor, noticing a case of cruelty to a child, says: "The child should have the careful attention of some one, or it will be prematurely added to the kingdom of Heaven, and thus, perhaps, permanently separated from its kindred."

States where Negroes vote

The Albany Argus, in a comprehensive statement of the existing condition of this question in different States denies the truth of a statement lately made by a Worcester paper, that negroes vote in Massachusetts on paying a poll tax.

There are only two States in the Union where the negroes are allowed to vote without property qualification. They are Vermont and New Hampshire, the former of which has eight negro voters and the latter one hundred and ninety.

In Massachusetts every voter must, within two years, have paid a State or county tax unless excused from taxation.

In Rhode Island a voter must own real estate of one hundred and thirty dollars value, or of the clear yearly value of seven dollars over any ground rent.

A colored person is not allowed to vote in New York unless he has resided in the State three years, and is a freeholder in value of two hundred and fifty dollars, and paid taxes thereon.

Massachusetts, which does not at home allow any man to vote who does not pay a State or county tax direct, for they all pay it directly, is very desirous that the Southern States shall allow negroes to vote without such discrimination. She goes in for universal black suffrage at the South, while denying it to the poor whites, at home. This is Massachusetts philanthropy, or preference for negro to white.

A man named Scott, a resident of New Jersey, has been so foolish as to expend about forty thousand dollars for tickets in Kentucky lotteries, which he bought of the reported agents of those lotteries in New York. Finding that the investments were by no means profitable, and believing that he had been cheated into the bargain, he had Ben Wood, the proprietor of the New York News, John Morrissey, the gambler, and three or four other less notorious persons, arrested for fraudulently obtaining his money. They were held to bail in one thousand dollars each.

The darkey who greased his feet so that he would not make a noise when he went to steal chickens, slipped from the henroost into the custody of the owner. He gave as a reason for being there, "Dat he only cum dar to see if de chickens slept wid dere eyes open."

The Jacksonville (Fla.) Times says that thousands of negro children are being educated in that State by their present employers, who were slaveholders. There is a very deep interest felt in the welfare of the late slaves by their former masters.

A man came home drunk on a cold night, and vomited in a basket containing goslings, which his wife had placed before the fire, upon seeing which, he exclaimed, "My God, wife! when did I swallow them things?"

An honest German got excited over an account of an elopement of a married woman, and exclaimed, "If my wife runs away, mit anoder man's wife, I vill shake him out of her breeches, if she be mine fadder, mine Got!"

A man in Omaha advertises for a "first-rate, tip-top, A No. 1 house-maid," and adds the suggestive statement that "all the piano playing, fine needle-work, visiting, and entertaining company will be done by the lady of the house."

It is said that a Yankee has invented a new kind of yeast, that makes bread so light that a pound of it only weighs eight ounces.

Sad domestic explosion!—An injured wife burst into tears.